

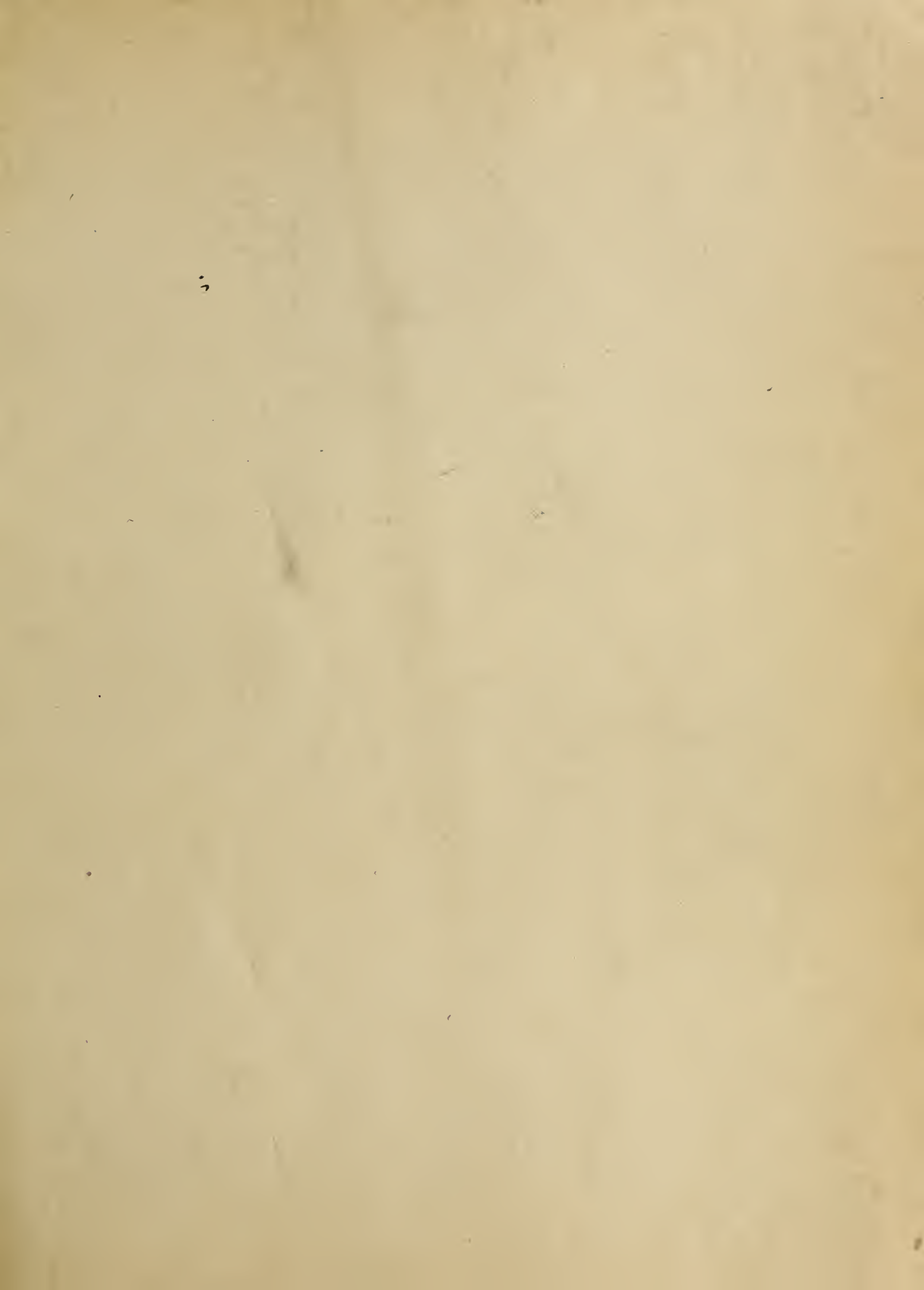


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14 17  
*We wander in dreams!*

A favorite Duett

*As Sung by*

*The most Celebrated Vocalists*

ENGLAND & AMERICA

*Written & Composed*

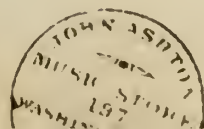
*By*

J. A. WADE ESQ<sup>R</sup>

*Philadelphia.*

*Pub<sup>d</sup> & Sold by Geo: Willig 171 Chesnut St.*

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# I'VE WANDER'D IN DREAMS

3

ANDANTE

QUASI

ALLEGRET

MR BRAHAM

I've wan der'd in dreams to the

moon light's home, In fan-cy I've been where a thought could roam; I've blissfully gaz'd on the

dew-y smiles, Of the maidens that dwell in the star-ry Isles; And have wa-ken'd from slum-ber

Colla voce

pure and free, From their airy charms to love but thee, to love, to love, to

I've wander'd in dreams.



M<sup>RS</sup> GEESIN.

love, to love but thee! I've dreamt a bout Eden's blissful bow'r's, And breath'd the sighing of

heav'n's own flow'r's, I've heard the wild songs of the Pa-ra-dise birds, But e-ven in sleeping the

mem'ry of words Once spoken by thee, came sweet on mine ear, And the music a-round me no  
Colla voce

more would I hear. No more, no more, I lov'd, I lov'd, but

thee, I lov'd but thee, I lov'd but thee, I lov'd but thee . . . . !  
I lov'd but thee, I lov'd but thee, I lov'd but thee . . . . !  
I've wander'd in dreams.



Tempo di Pollacca Allegro Vivace

Oh not more dear the honied flowrs, Just blown at mor-ning to the bee; Or to the  
 Oh not more dear the honied flowrs, Just blown at mor-ning to the bee; Or to the  
 gar-den summer showrs, Than thou my love, art dear to me: No not more dear the honied  
 gar-den summer showrs, Than thou my love, art dear to me: No not more dear the honied  
 flowrs, Just blown at mor-ning to the bee; Or to the gar-den summer showrs, Than thou my  
 flowrs, Just blown at mor-ning to the bee; Or to the gar-den summer showrs, Than thou my  
 love, art dear to me. Art dear to me, art dear to me, ....., art  
 love art dear, to me. Art dear to me, art dear to

*p* *f*

\* The small notes are Mr Braham's embellishments. I've wandered in dreams.



me, than thou, my love art dear to me, art dear

me, than thou, my love art dear to me, art dear

to me, art dear, art .....

to me, art dear, art .....

*f*

*Cadenza ad lib*

..... dear to me.

..... dear to me.

*p* *f* *ff*











B. P. L. Bindery,  
29 1704



